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### Remembrance of the West

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Marquis, del.

The seal of the Female Electic Institute P. S. FALL, M.A. President

REMEMBRANCE OF THE WEST,

A COLLECTION OF

Marches, Waltzes, Gallopades, Songs &c.

Composed, arranged & Selected

P. Schmidt, A. C. Minicker, G. G.T. Heidelberg &c. To be continued) No

### PHILADELPHIA,

A. FIOT, Publisher & Importer of Music & Musical Instruments, 196, Chesnut S!







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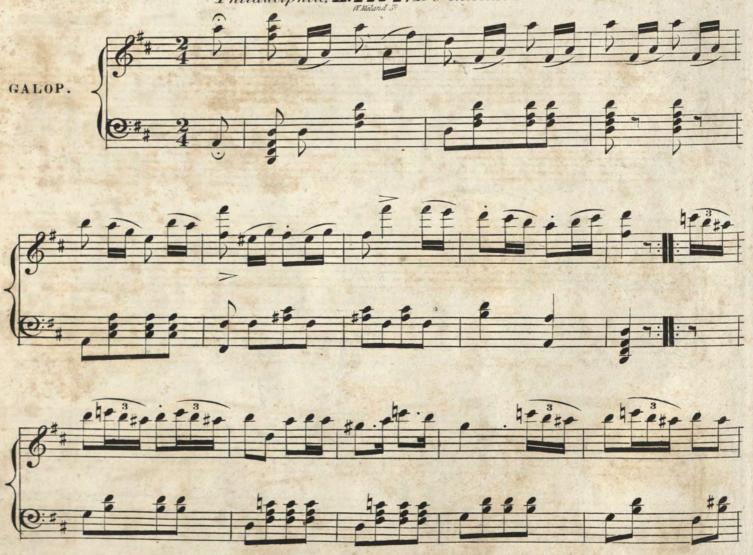


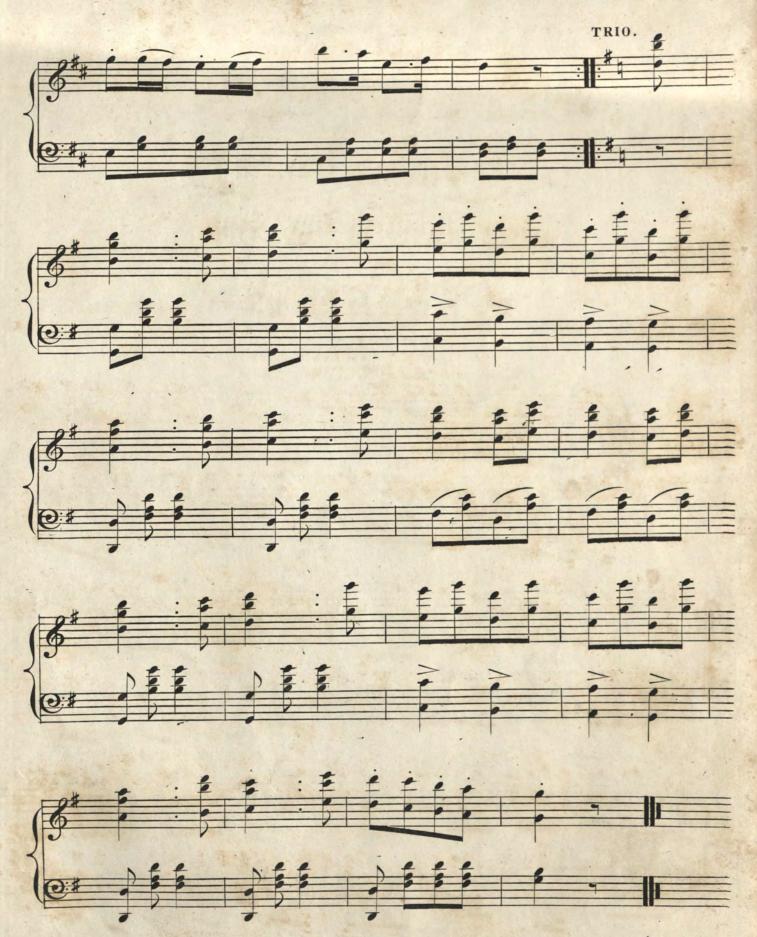


Capt: Staszewsky's fav: Mazurka.2.



Philadelphia, A. FIOT, 196 Chesnut S.





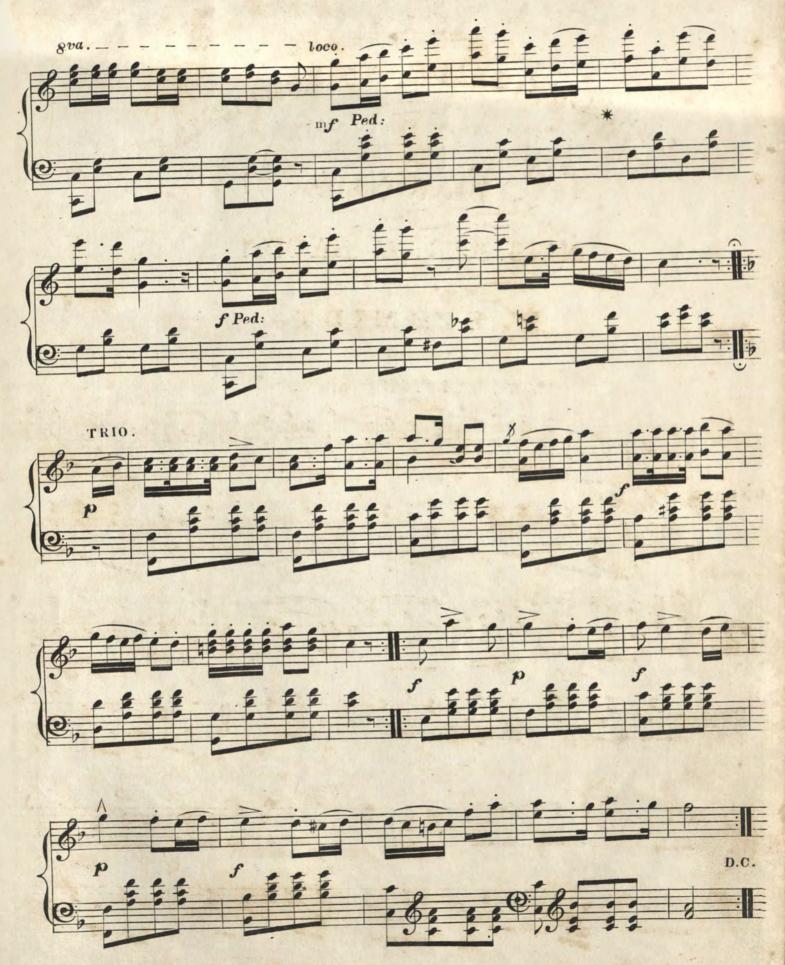


## MISS SARAH BACON



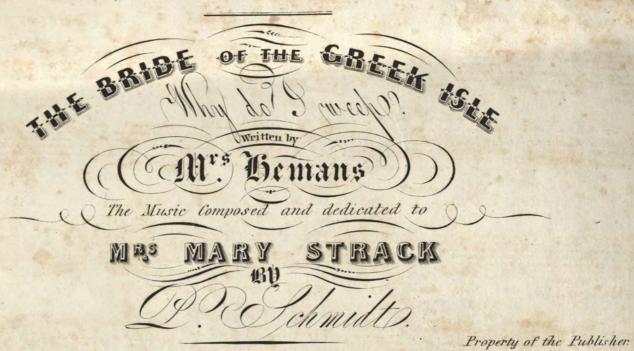
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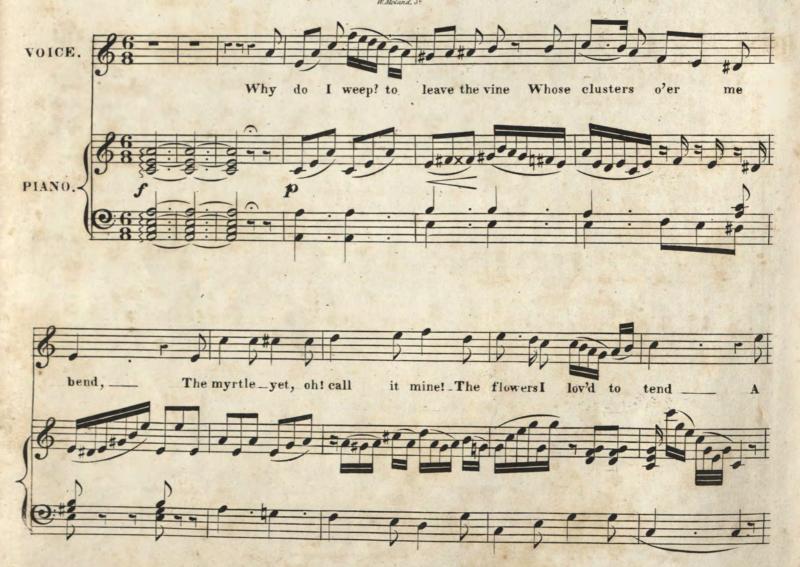


Le brillant Galop de Louisville. 2 .

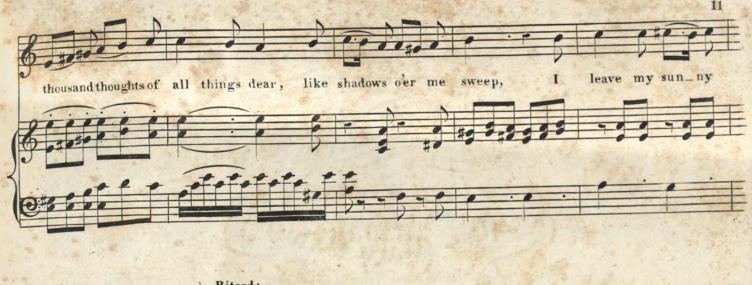
Nº5, Book 2, Remembrance of the West.



Philadelphia. A. FIOT, 196 Chesnut S.







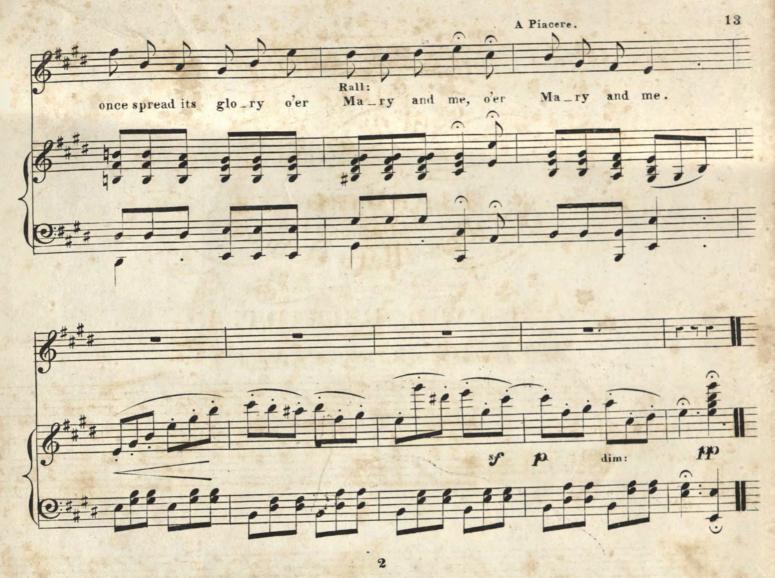


2

I leave thee, sister! we have play'd Through many a joyous hour, Where the silvery green of the olive shade Hung dim o'er fount and bower. Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore, In song, in prayer, in sleep, Have been as we may be no more Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! eve's bright moon Must now light other feet, With the gather'd grapes, and lyre in tune, Thy homeward steps to greet. Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy child, Lay in tones of love so deep, Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast, Pouring out joy and woe, I have found that holy place of rest Still changeless, yet I go! . Lips, that have lull'd me with your strain, Eyes, that have watch'd my sleep! Will earth give love like yours again? Kind mother! let me weep! The bride of the Greek Isle.2.



'Neath its shade my first sonnet did beauty survey
When her tear fell upon it and hallowed the lay
But the ploughshare has banished each trace round the tree
And youth's vision has vanished from Mary and me.

3

Yes!the vale of our fathers is desolate now No fairy form gathers from bush and from bough; In silence they slumber beneath the yew tree Who times out of number blessed Mary and me.

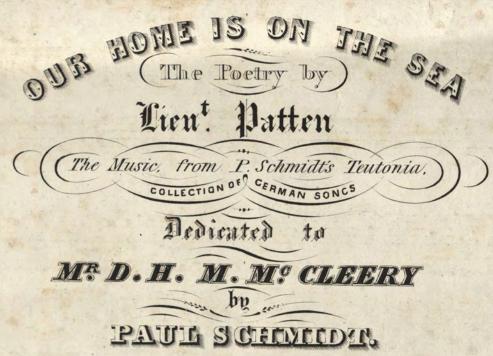
4

'Tis a drear waste I wander in sunshine or shade
The mountain smiles yonder but where is the Maid?
You withered form bending her dim eyes on me
A tear and smile blending, by Heaven tis she!

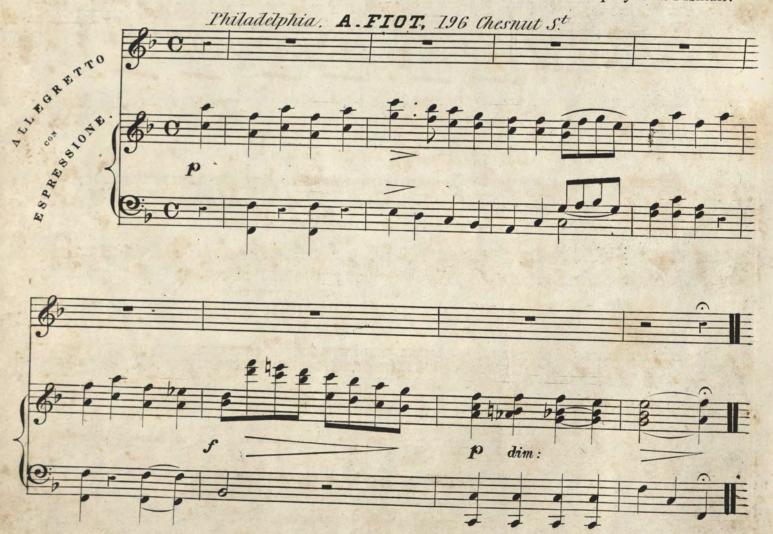
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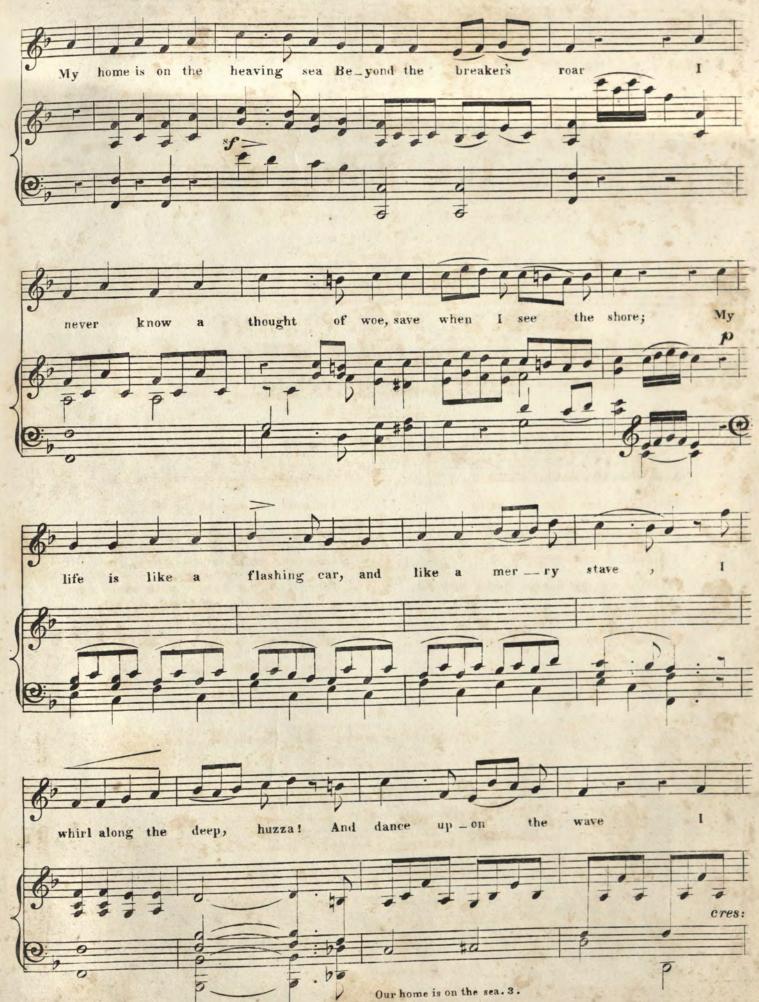
Let the fond tear of feeling down wrinkled cheeks stray
Where time has been stealing the roses away
Our bright dream is over and near us I see
There's a green sod to cover both Mary and me.

Mary and I.2.



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2

Amid the calm without a care

For aught that earth can bring

Wide rocking in the idle air

I sit aloft and sing;

When the storm booms fierce and far

Regardless of the gale

I climb the slippery shrouds huzza!

And bend the flying sail.

3

The woodland note is sweet to hear

And soft the hum of hives:

But there's no music to my ear

Like that which ocean gives

When first our barque with every spar

"Taught strain'd"-her flight to urge

Mid rattling tramp and wild huzza

Beats back the bristling surge.

4

They say the landsman's bosom thrills
With deeper joy than ours
That glory crowns the sunset hills
And fragrance scents the bowers
But off! stretched seaward from the bar!
Spread out the canvass free?
And should they hail trump back huzza!
Our home is on the sea.